NUMB. LXXXI.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Diverſos diverſa juvant, non omnibus —
Omnia conveniunt. —————— GAL. ELEG.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28. 1724.

IT is a Rule, in Converſation, that he, who keeps all the *Talk* to himſelf, never pleaſes, ſo much as one, who *liſtens*, in his Turn, to what is ſaid, by the reſt of the Company. — The ſame Obſervation will hold good, with Regard to ſuch a Paper as the PLAIN DEALER; I muſt, ſometimes, fall civilly back, and give Way to my Correſpondents; or I ſhall incur the Reproach of Writing rather to entertain *My-ſelf*, than to delight, or oblige my Readers.

Mr. PLAIN-DEALER.

'I Have ſuch a Veneration for the *FAIR*, that I am ſorry, I ſhou'd have Occaſion to exhibit any 'Complaint againſt them; but I am, once a Week, 'ſo whimſically treated, by ſome of them, that I am 'reſolv'd to *ſpeak out, and ſpare not.*

'There are many young Ladies, and, what is worſe, 'many old Ladies, within the Bills of Mortality, that, 'every *Saturday*, while their Houſes are cleaning, 'take a Fancy to have Buſineſs with *Me*, for no other 'Reaſon in the World, but becauſe they can't tell 'how elſe to diſpoſe of themſelves: — For, you muſt 'know, That I am a *Mercer*. — They ſwim into my 'Shop, by Shoals, not with the leaſt Intention to *buy*, 'but only to hear my Silks *ruſtle*, and fill up their own '*Leiſure*, by putting *Me* into full *Employment*. So 'they tumble over my Goods, and deafen me with a 'Round of Queſtions, 'till, having found nothing in 'my Shop, *to their Fancy*, as they call it, they toſs 'themſelves again into their Coaches, and *drive on the* '*Perſecution*, to the Terror and Diſturbance of moſt 'of the honeſt Shopkeepers, from one End of the 'Town, to the other.

'Laſt *Saturday* was three Weeks, at Two, in the 'Afternoon, I ſent out my Servant, to watch a Couple 'of theſe *Silken Strollers*, and keep, if poſſible, with-'in *Ken* of them. They *undreſs'd* about a Dozen 'Shops, without ſtripping themſelves of a ſingle Shil-'ling; and, at ſix, my Man return'd, out of Breath, 'and told me, That he had left them, cheapening 'Sugars, beyond *Norton Folgate*. — But, preſently, they 'came back, and ſaw my next Neighbour, a *Linen-'Draper*, at his Door. They pull'd their Coachman 'by the Thumb, and broke in upon my Friend and 'Acquaintance, tho' his Shop was ſhut up, and empty. '— They had bethought themſelves, that *they muſt 'ſee ſome Cambricks.* My Neighbour *knew* them, for 'they were his Cuſtomers of five Years ſtanding; du-'ring all which Time, he had never taken any of 'their Money — But they had done him the Honour, 'to lean over his Counter, find Fault with every 'Thing he cou'd ſhew them; Exclaim, at his *fright-'ful Prices*, and make it a Rule with them, *To bid 'Nothing.* — He turn'd over his whole Variety of 'Cambricks; and had the unexpected Good-Fortune, 'after the prettieſt Doubtings, and Heſitations, in the 'World, to fix their Determination; for they pitch'd 'upon a particular Piece, about half an Hour paſt 'Seven, and order'd him to *cut off enough for a 'Tucker.*

'The worſt of all This is, That theſe unprofitable '*Wayward Viſiters* keep Buying Cuſtomers out of our 'Shops. — Pray *Mr. PLAIN-DEALER*, repri-'mand them, *for the Good of Trade*; and the Eaſe, 'and Deliverance, of

Your afflicted Correſpondent,

F. H.

SIR,

[Price Two Pence.]

SIR,

'A GREAT many uſeful Lectures were levell'd, heretofore, againſt the Enormities of certain Faſhions, which had taken Poſſeſſion of the Female World. — The Reduction of the *Stays*, The Exaltation of the *Petticoat* — and the Lightneſs, and Tranſparency of the *Modeſty-Peice* — (as that SEX had peculiar Views, in each of theſe Modes) have been Topicks, for Admonition, and Satire. — The LADIES have even been told, That the obſolete Reliques, of their Great-Grandmother's Scarecrow Wardrobes, were leſs Fantaſtical than the *modern Whimſies!* But thoſe wholeſome Severities ſuffer'd the Common Fate of ſuch Good Purpoſes, *They diverted for a Week, and were forgotten.*

'ALL Arguments, which would be ſucceſsful, muſt adapt themſelves to the *Underſtanding* of thoſe on whom they expect to operate. — The *WIT* of a Woman is her *Dreſs*. To *move genteely*, is her *JUDGMENT*: And, to *Govern herſelf, with full Freedom*, is her *BIRTHRIGHT*, as an *Engliſh Subject*; who renounces, and proteſts againſt, all abſolute, and unlimited, Monarchy.

'BUT, pray, whiſper (if you dare) to theſe pretty *Free-Thinkers*, That there is a Country, in the World, call'd *Turkey*; where Women are ſecur'd againſt the Danger of *Sun-bu ning*, by being kept out of the *open Air*, and lock'd up, like *other Jewels*, in Places, where no *Miſchief* can reach 'em. — A Side-Glance, once a Year, from a Window, or an imperfect Random-Shot, through the *Hedge* of a *Gauze-Muffler*, is the utmoſt Danger a Man can be expos'd to, in thoſe ſafe, and ſilent, Regions; where they have an unaccountable, ſavage, Notion, That *there is Temptation, in a Woman's Eye, and that it is poſſible for a Pretty Fellow to ſtare himſelf into Fornication!*

'A Little private *Rumination*, on ſuch laudable Cuſtoms as Theſe, may have Influence, perhaps, to moderate ſome of our Fine Ladies *well-bred Exorbitancies*. If not, we have at leaſt this Remedy; It is but *to turn Turks*, and we new model our Syſtem of Government, with Regard to this *Female Freedom*. — Such a Reſolution wou'd furniſh Buſineſs, not at all diſagreeable to

Your moſt humble Servant,

The Black Eunuch.

Mr. PLAIN-DEALER.

'ORACLES have been deliver'd in Dreams, and I ſee no Reaſon why Truth may not be as well *nodded* over by us Moderns, as by the much more wakeful Ancients. — Our Senſes being too groſs, and our Minds too much prejudic'd, to receive Truth, for its own ſake, it muſt approach us *obliquely*; that, being couch'd under ſenſible Repreſentations, it may be brought nearer to our View, and make its Way into our Apprehenſion.

'UPON this Account, therefore, (not to keep you in Suſpence any longer, leaſt you may think me *dreaming already*) I have ſent you my laſt Night's Viſion; which, if it meets with your Approbation, may encourage me to cloſe my Eyes again; for I am, both *ſleeping*, and *waking*,

Your conſtant Admirer,

EUGENIO.

AFTER having reflected on my Miſtreſs, and on Marriage, I fell aſleep, and found my ſelf in a *Myrtle Grove*, where ſeveral *Ways* ran together into one Great Path, that led to the *Temple* of *Hymen*. — The Flowers, moſt of which were *Violets*, and *bleeding Lovers*, exhal'd a delicious Odour: And the Birds, that warbled round me, help'd to fill the Scene with Tranſport.

I obſerv'd Crowds of Travellers, paſſing onward; but none, to my great Surprize, *repaſſing*. — Upon looking a little nearer, I diſcover'd Troops of flying Boys with ſilver Wings, that hover'd before them, for their *Guides*. There were Perſons of all Ranks, and of both Sexes.

I took particular Notice of ſome, who, tho' they ſeem'd to make more Haſte than the reſt, were, at the End, the fartheſt behind-hand. Theſe, I heard, were call'd *Coquets*, in the Language of the Country. They ſeem'd to do nothing but ſport, and flutter about; without gaining any Ground, or *deſiring* to gain any.

THE next, I was told, were *Prudes*: And theſe had taken a Bye-Path, and mov'd onward, toward the Temple, very ſlowly; and, to all Appearance, unwillingly; with their Necks fantaſtically reverted, and their Eyes looking back, upon the Country, they had newly paſs'd through. Yet Theſe were the Firſt that came up; and ſlipt, ſilently into the Temple!

AMONG the Men, was a Troop, which ſeem'd compos'd of the moſt expert Travellers. My Guide inform'd me, They were call'd *Hibernians*. They did many Things, I perceiv'd, very differently from the reſt: For, while others led up but *one* Companion, to the Temple, theſe had *ſeveral*, in ſeveral Paths; and were the only Perſons, who, after lodging *One*, went out again, to conduct *Another*. — It was eaſy to diſtinguiſh them, however mingled in the Crowd, by the *Shine* of a certain *Metal*, which had burniſhd their Cheeks, and Foreheads, and caſt a *Gleam*, like a *Corinthian Vizard*.

I was call'd off, by a confus'd Noiſe, at ſome Diſtance; and made toward it, as well as I cou'd; but found ſuch an Alteration in the Air, that I cou'd not ſtir one Step, without ſneezing. This was a Troop of *Sword-Knots*, and *Cockades*, diſplaying a powerful Inſtrument, that glitter'd much, and was call'd a *Snuff-Box*. The Scuffle of Tongues was ſo great, that I ſtaid not long, among the *Pretty Gentlemen*, (for that was the Name they went by) but paſs'd on, to a Part of the Grove, whence there iſſued a delightful *Harmony*.

COMING thither, I obſerv'd a Number, apart from the reſt, with Harps in their Hands, which they touch'd, with tranſporting Melody. Nine Goddeſſes were mix'd among them; all moſt raviſhingly beautiful! Theſe happy Gentlemen, I found, were the Favourites of the Grove; but they made no Haſte to the Temple; rather wandering up and down, and making *Sallies* into every Path, with an Air of agreeable Indifference,

I left them, and came up with a Troop of Cloudy, Haughty, and Erect, Movers, diſtinguiſh'd by *peculiar Head-Peices*, which, at Diſtance, look'd like *Diadems*. All the Female Travellers, they chanc'd to meet with, receiv'd their Whiſpers with a kind of Triumph; and liſten'd to them with more Rapture, than even to the Voices of thoſe *Divine Muſicians!* — This Train was under the Care of two Goddeſſes, whoſe Names were *Inſolence* and *Privilege!* I was now within Sight of the Temple; but taking an Averſion, in my Sleep, to the affected *Struttings* of this Company, I wak'd fortunately out of my Dream, and reſolv'd to ſend it to the *PLAIN-DEALER*.

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